The Potter Journal.

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Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets. 10:1

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties. 10:1

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptnes and fidelity. Office on Soth-west corner of Main and Fourth streets. 12:1

ISAAC BENSON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st., near the Allegheny Bridge. 12:1

CHARLES REISSMANN,
CABINET MAKER, having erected a new and convenient Shop, on the South-east corner of Third and West streets, will be happy to receive and fill all orders in his calling. Repairing and re-fitting carefully and neatly done on short notice.
Coudersport, Nov. 8, 1859.-11-1y.

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

ROLLINS SMITH. E. A. JONES.
SMITH & JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

A. OLMSTED, B. S. COLWELL, A. C. TAGGART.
D. E. OLMSTED & CO.,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

M. W. MANN,
DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main & Third sts., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

OLMSTED. : : : : : : : : : : S. D. KELLY.
OLMSTED & KELLY,
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice. 10:1

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
J. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa. 9:44

ALLEGANY HOUSE,
CYRUS M. MILLS, Proprietor, Colesburg Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Coudersport, on the Wellsville Road. 9:44

LYMAN HOUSE,
LYMAN, Proprietor, Ulysses, Potter Co., Pa. This House is situated on the East side of Main street, opposite A. Corey & Co's store, and is well adapted to meet the wants of patrons and friends. 12:11-1y.

ZERA STARKWEATHER,
BLACKSMITH, would inform his former customers and the public generally that he has established a shop in the building formerly occupied by Benj. Rennels in Coudersport, where he will be pleased to do all kinds of Blacksmithing on the most reasonable terms. Lumber, Shingles, and all kinds of Produce taken in exchange for work. 12:34.

Z. J. THOMPSON,
CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKER and REPAIRER, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa., takes this method of informing the public in general that he is prepared to do work in his line with promptness, in a workmanlike manner, and upon the most accommodating terms. Payment for work is invariably required on delivery of the work. ☞All kinds of PRODUCE taken on account of work. 1?:35.

POETRY.

TROODEN FLOWERS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

There are some hearts that, like the loving vine,
Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers;
Spirits that suffer and do not pine,
Patient and sweet as lowly trodden flowers
That from the passer's heel arise,
And give back odorous breath instead of sighs.

But there are other hearts that will not feel
The lowly love that haunts their eyes and ears;
That wound fond faith with anger worse than steel,
And out of pity's spring draw idle tears.
O, Nature shall it ever be thy will
In things with good to mingle good and ill?

Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press
The willing heart of uncomplaining love—
Meek charity that shrinks not from distress,
Gentleness does her tyrants so reprove—
Though virtue weep forever and lament,
Will one hard heart turn to her and relent?

Why should the reed be broken that will bend,
And they that dry the tears in others' eyes
Feel their own anguish swelling without end,
Their summer darkened with the smoke of sighs?
Sure, Love to some fair Eden of his own
Will flee at last and leave us here alone.

Love weepeth always; weepeth for the past,
For woes that are, for woes that may betide;
Why should not hard ambition weep at last,
Envy and hatred, avarice and pride?
Fate whispers sorrow ever is our lot,
They would be rebels—love rebelleth not.

MISCELLANY.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

MR. AND MRS. RASHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW HOUSE.

Say, Mr. Rasher, are you going to buy a new house, or are you not? "You don't know?" Well, *I* do! You owned up yesterday that the clear profits of your business this year was over twenty thousand dollars, and if we're ever going to live in a brown stone front, now's the time. You don't make twenty thousand dollars every year cutting up pork, or, if you expect to after this, it's high time we was taking our proper position before the world. I, for one, intend to go out a little more than I have. I've got things to go with, and I intend to go.

You're afraid people will make *light* of us as well as our lard oil? Fiddlesticks, Rasher! I wish you would quit them everlasting puns. It's vulgar to pun; a very low species of wit, indeed, I heard Mrs. De Longue say so, the night I was to her reception. You can't help it; you must interlard your conversation with 'em? Good Lord, Rasher! whatever else you do, leave your business behind you when you come home. I declare the silk curtains in the parlor have an odor of it! Don't *bristle* up so? There it comes again; it's enough to drive a woman mad! You can't help "cutting up;" you're so used to it? Now, look a here, husband, we're going to settle this matter about the house this morning, or we're not going to settle it. If you'll quit that nonsense and listen to reason, I'll tell you what my ideas are; but if you don't, I won't say another word. Then you guess you'll keep on? and if you do you won't get me to keep still. That's just what you want; you'd be glad if I never opened my lips, though which of us is capable of speaking with the most propriety I'll leave other people to judge.

I picked out a house yesterday afternoon that suits *me;* and, as a woman is supposed to be the best judge of such matters as the house she lives in and has to stay in from one year's end to another, why, if you can pay for it, that's enough. It's a brown-stone front, four story and basement, stoops and balustrades of brownstone, massive and handsome; style of architecture modern Italic, and not surpassed by any of similar size in the city. I remember just what the advertisement said, which was the reason of my going to see it. It 'll be finished next week. It's twenty feet front, and commands a beautiful view of the neighboring houses, which are all just as nice and aristocratical as our own. It's because I liked the neighborhood so well that I wanted that house in particular. "What's the price?" Sixteen thousand dollars, and considered cheap, considering the Avenue and the Park. Eight thousand dollars will furnish it from garret to cellar; library, pictures, and everything, and we can get a man to do it all without taking any trouble ourselves. You've got thirty thousand in the bank, I know, and, with your business, you need not be afraid but that you can—"Save your bacon!" O dear, Mr. Rasher! if you're going to continue so vulgar, I don't know as there'll be any use in our trying to get where we ought to be.

The girls will be home from boardin'-school to their winter vacation in the latter part of December, and I'd like to get all moved, and settled, and furnished, and fixed before they come home, just to give 'em a pleasant surprise. There, Rasher! I knew you had some fatherly feeling about you, if you had no pride. You're in no hurry this morning, I know. Just wait a minute till I get my bonnet and shawl, and let's go round and look at it.

Ain't it a beauty? Them balusters are superb! Step in and look at the parlors; two and an extension; and behind the staircase there's a sweet little room, which I shall fix up as a boudoir. I'll be as much at home in it as a pig in a flower-garden? Humph! You're extremely complimentary to your wife, my dear; but I sha'n't resent it here, before all these workmen. You can say what you please I suppose it was my misfortune to marry a man in the pork-packing business whose mind is always running—on all fours?—*will* you quit interrupting me, or not?—whose mind is always running on his business. If you'd only drop it at home and in company, I wouldn't care, seeing it's made us so much money; but, as it is, I am almost driven—into a pig pen?—almost driven to distraction. You're uncommon provoking this morning, Mr. Rasher.

This is a splendid house to give a party in; and I've made up my mind to give the biggest one of the season, if we get moved and settled in time. You *hate* parties? Of course you do; you hate everything that I like. You'd be contented to sit down, and smoke your pipe, and drink your sherry forever in the back sitting-room of that little, mean, three-story brick. You've no ambition, and you've no feeling for your wife. Oh, you needn't be putting your arm around my waist and hugging me, with that fellow there a painting them friskoes looking right at us. I wish you'd remember what I've told you so often—that it's dreadfully out of taste to be showing your family feelings in public. When we go out together you shouldn't speak to me, no more'n if I wasn't there; 'stead of that, you invariably keep hanging around me, and every once and while burst out with: "Say, Marier, did you hear that?" or, "Come here, Marier, and set side of your husband a while;" or, "Marier, I wonder if the children are doing well to home?" And that night we played forfeits to Mrs. Fitz-Simmons's and you was judged to kiss one of the ladies for a punishment, what did you do but kiss *me* right before the hull crowd! Wasn't that punishment enough? You needn't try to turn it off with a joke. You know it was a breach of etiquette, if not actually immodest, to choose out your own wife in all that company. You was too bashful to choose anybody else; and, besides, you hadn't yet got tired of kissing your own partner? Pshaw! that's all well enough to home. I could see the Widow Granger looked disappointed. Oh, now, don't color up, dear! Come up stairs and look at the next story. There! This is the apartment I've settled on for ourselves; it's eighteen by twenty, and you always like an airy sleeping room; and, what makes it pleasant for me, is that it looks right over at Dr. Yellow Dock's house; and, as I shall set here a great deal, I can see their company going in and out, and when they take a ride in their carriage, and how they dress their servants, and everything. They're very fashionable people, and they've made their money, every cent of it, within five years.

Speaking of carriages, Rasher, we can't get along any longer with our one horse and our single chaise. We must, after we go into this house, have a pair of black horses, and a carriage with our arms upon it, and a place for the footman to hold on behind. Sit down in the window here, and take it easy; I want to settle it about the livery, etc. You don't see as there will be any necessity for us going to the livery, if we have an establishment of our own; and as for arms, we'd better keep our arms in it instead of on it? Dear, dear! husband, I wouldn't have had Mrs. Fitz Simmons heard you say that for the world; she'd have had her whole set giggling about it the next time we came where she was. Of course our servants must dress in livery; at least have capes to their coats and buttons on their caps. Don't you know whether any of the Rashers, in the old country, ever had a coat-of-arms? You might consult the book of heraldry, and find out. If there was, you must have it painted on the carriage door, and engraved on all the plate; if there never was, why, we'll just invent one, that's all. What are you doing on that scrap of paper, Rasher? A coat-of-arms? Dear me! I didn't know as you knew enough. Let me see it, won't you?

"Ain't it sweet, Mrs. Rasher? My father used to think a great deal of that motto; and that's the way I came to be rich. It means, literally (I've got it in Latin there), that *Discretion is the better part of valor.*"

If you can't do anything but cast ridicule on yourself and your wife from morning till night, we might as well stay in our obscurity. You aren't casting ridicule on me; the wild boar forms part of the coat-of arms of some of the noblest families of Scotland and England? Oh, that alters the case! If you really think, Rasher, it would be aristocratic and just the right thing, and if you think our friends will see it in the same light you do, why, I like it well enough. When will you get it engraved? I wish you'd stop to Ball & Black's and order a set of solid silver to be made, to be done in time for the party, and our arms on it.

Come, let's look at the wine-cellar; you must learn to talk about your wine-cellar, Rasher, if you want to make an impression on the men. Everything down here is mighty nice and convenient—but, la! that's the servant's business. I'm going to pretend, when I get a new set, that I don't know a coal bin from a wash-tub. That'll be a pretty way to have myself imposed upon? Well! you're able to stand a little imposition, and you don't suppose I'm going to let 'em see I ever stepped in a kitchen. My hands show it? No, they don't; and I'm going to keep 'em done up nights in old gloves, and oil 'em every night with—lard oil? —stuff! with rose cream.

Let's go! tell me first whether you've concluded to take the house. You s'pose I must have my own way about it? That's a dear good Rasher, as you are. And to pay you for consenting, without a fuss, I'll trouble you as little as possible about the change, moving, and all that. I'll give the upholsterers orders about the furniture, and get a bookstore man to fill the library; and when everything is ready for us to step in and take our dinner, we'll ride over and take possession. I'll get an auctioneer to sell off our old stuff, every article of it, for what it will bring. I expect, perhaps, it will come to enough to pay for the new set of silver, centre-piece and all, for the piano, you know is 'most new, and the carpets are only six months old.

You hope I'll reserve your old secretary and arm-chair, and that sofa? O dear! I suppose I can have 'em set in the fourth story, where you can go and look at 'em once and a while. I don't see why you need to set such great store by that sofa, because you and I used to set on it together, in our little parlor, the first winter we was married. It's stiff and old-fashioned now, and has been covered twice. I allowed it to set in my room up stairs, seeing you thought so much of it; but it might as well go to the auction-room as up into the fourth story, where it will have to stay, if it's kept in the new house.

What are you thinking of, to walk right over that curbstone without seeing it? You was thinking of old times? No doubt you'd like to go back to the days when I did my own work, and set and sewed for the children, evenings, but *I* wouldn't. It's a great burden off my mind to have the girls to Madame Flummery's school; she's very genteel, and will give 'em an air, which I know *I* couldn't, though I'm naturally more genteel than their father. What's that? we're setting them up above us, so as to make them ashamed of us? Well, Arabella *was* a little sniffy the last time she came home, but, when we move on to the Avenue in the new house, she'll have more respect for us. Ah, here we are at the corner! Come home early to-night, Rasher; I want to talk over the plans.

(*Continued next week.*)

How a Tree and a Spire Grow.

Think of the pair of green leaves that have come out of the ground, as they make their way steadily up through the rain and through the sunshine, through the day and through the darkness, until they reach the limit of the law of oaks, and the breezes make music in their branches, when the moon is breathless.

How lightly those ponderous arms swing out into the middle region of the air between cloud and cloud; how the birds flash in and out of their green recesses; how the shadows in sunny weather, vibrate east and west, far out from its base, a beet a day; how the rosy fingers of the Morn are laid in blessing on its coronal, and its leaves burn with the lingering Sun's "good night."

So, like the temple of God, has it gone noiselessly up; the stroke of its great pulses is never heard; more silent in its building than the nest the robbins are making; softer in its going, than the crystal lapse of the reedy stream.

And all the way along it went without an effort. The stag often rubbed his antlered head against the swaying sapling a little while ago; the oak wrestles with the wind to-day, and its arms prevail:

But when that frame begins to be dismantled, and Nature to take down the column she has builded, how different is the order of its going. She has muffled it with moss; she has removed one by one its creaking branches but she cannot alleviate its fall; when it comes at last, there is a crash, and an echo in the sounding woods, and a wreck along the ground.

How lightly the spire springs into the air, as if it would touch the heaven with its silent finger; how gracefully it refines away, as it rises, and watch the workman swinging higher and higher, as it visibly grows, from day to day, for the sound of hammers comes faintly down, like the tick of a distant clock, and the men creep like atomies nearer to its point, and hang like gatherers of saphire above the world.

But when time lays his heavy hand upon that swaying spire, and its pure white is tarnished into gray, and the worms are busy in crumbling timbers, and it crashes downward in a cloud of dust, and lies an unseemly wreck upon the earth, and we look upward at the empty air, that closes silently above its fall as if it had never been, all grace and beauty are stricken from the thought.—*B. F. Taylor.*

Suffering in Kansas.

Personal Observations of Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt.

[To the Editor of the New York Times.

Let me ask the attention of the humane reader to the following extracts from private letters received by me from time to time. A more vivid picture of the actual condition of things in the famine land will be thus obtained than by any word painting of mine—for the sketches of my friends are from nature, taken on the spot.

Under date of Oct, 31, Gen Pomeroy, thus writes: "I am now out of pocket about $400. Two cart-loads have just arrived. . . . My office is filled daily with applicants; the cold weather and rains are making our people frantic!"

Two days later, he thus writes:

"How glad I was to get your telegram to day, and Theodore's contribution of $200. It was a God-send! just in time to pay freights. Illinois is in earnest to supply us. Cases of suffering meet me daily. There are a hundred now where there was one when you were here. God only knows what January and February will bring forth."

Two days later he writes:

"Your telegram to-day to draw for $400 was just in season. It brought me out all straight, and made me feel light again. This is Saturday night late. I have not yet left my office; and such a day as this has been! Thirty two applications for aid! Two young ladies not over eighteen years of age, came a long way to see what could be done for their little brothers and sisters at home; one of them said she had never known a sorrow until now. 'I can stand anything,' said she, *'but hunger.'* She came from a township not yet organized; so I employed her to do this work, and gave her some of the statistical blanks, prepared by you while here. She very gladly took hold of the work, and added, 'I will furnish you, Sir, with a list of the little children who cannot come to Sabbath-school for want of *shoes* and *clothing*.' Ah, my dear Hyatt, how I thought of the happy Sabbath-school children that I had often seen and addressed by hundreds in Boston, Cambridge, Lowell, Springfield and Northampton, and knew well how gladly they would respond to a contribution for shoes for the little barefeet that are already reddened with the frosts of an approaching Winter! One local Methodist preacher has *nine* children in this county, not *shoes for any of them.*

Garments for children could be made here in almost any of the destitute families if they had the *materials*, simple and warm. But boxes of shoes are a great desideratum; they are indispensable.

Meal sacks we want very much, or cloth to make them of. *Woolen blankets* are invaluable here, as *you* know, from severe experience in '56. In short, my dear Hyatt, the whole Territory who are poor, are looking to *us!* and having begun, we cannot look back! * * * Your funds have just kept me so far. If your own purse had not been *deep* and *free*, we should have had to *stop* last week. The moment I refuse to pay for and take the car off the hands of the Railroad Company at Winthrop, that moment the contract for low freights is broken; you know our contract for *low* freights is only by the *car-load*, and I have it all to handle myself, and bring across the ferry from Winthrop to Atchinson. * * *

There are a hundred *'carpet bag'* men running through the States who don't understand their business, and in many instances what they send won't be worth the freight it costs. * * * I am still beging meal sacks and sending them to Illinois. They have promised to fill all I send. I can put corn and potatoes down here from the centre of Illinois at less than half price; less than twenty-five cents per bushel! and if you and our good friends East can *pay freights*, and can *hold out*, all Kansas can be supplied. Not one bushel of grain need be *purchased*. It will all be given! All; if we can only pay for *meal sacks and freights!*"

I am in every good work yours sincerely, S. C. POMEROY.

I desire very much, Mr. Editor, to tell your readers something of the poor people in Southern Kansas, whose homes are about being sold out by Government. Nine thousand people starving in the dead of Winter, to be turned upon the bleak prairies to perish! But I fear to make this article too long, and with your premission, will state the facts in another communication.

I wish to state distinctly, that I do not believe Mr. Buchanan is *intentionally* a party to this cruel transaction. He does not see affairs as they really are. But I feel well assured that the selling of the lands in the Fort Scott District is the work of *a nest of conspirators at Fort Scott*; a set of heartless *speculators* who to carry out their purposes, would embroil the country in civil war, if no other means can avail.

THADDEUS HYATT.
New York, Nov. 20.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.--A boy worked hard all day for a quarter of a dollar. With the quarter he bought apples, and took them to town and sold them in the street for a dollar. With the dollar he bought a sheep. The sheep brought him a lamb, and her fleece another dollar:—With the dollar he bought him another sheep. The next spring he had two sheep, two lambs and a yearling sheep. The three fleeces he sold for three dollars, and bought three more sheep. He now had six with a fair prospect. He worked where he found opportunity, for hay, corn, and oats, and pasturing for his sheep. He took the best care of them and soon had a flock. Their wool enabled him to buy a pasture for them, and by the time he was twenty-one he had a fair start in life, and all from a quarter earned in one day.

CARROTS FOR HORSES.—The *American Stock Journal* says:—"The carrot is the most esteemed of all roots for its feeding qualities. When analyzed it gives but little more solid matter than other roots, 85 per cent being water; but its influence in the stomach upon the other articles of food is most favorable, conducing to the most perfect digestion and assimilation. The result, long known to practical men, is explained by chemists as resulting from the presence of a substance called *pectine* which operates to coagulate or gelatinize vegetable solutions, and this favors digestion in all cattle. Horses are especially benefitted by the use of carrots. They should be fed to them frequently with their other food."

THE *Atlanta Confederacy*, speaking of Senator Toombs of Georgia who has resigned his office to take effect on the 4th of March next says: "Politically he astonishes his most intimate friends, he astounds the world with his remarkable and wonderful feats of *hocus pocus*. Unfortunately for the country, Mr. Toombs is wholly devoid of moral firmness. He is purely a man of impulse and passion. By nature he is opposed to law and order; and to everything that tends to restrain and compass the passions, whims and prejudices of men. He becomes reckless by disappointment, and fanatical from opposition."

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 2, 1860.—A man named John Murray, living in Madison street, in this city, on Saturday evening placed a muzzle of a loaded gun barrel, detached from the stock, to his mout'r and while blowing into it the muzzle came in contact with a lighted candle, discharging the weapon. Murray's head was blown off, and portions of his skull and brains scattered about the room. The barrel rebounded, and striking his mother-in-law, ten feet distant, penetrated four inches into her chest. It is believed she cannot survive.

WE learn that the Bank of Commerce, in this city, in consequence of the high prices of exchange and inability to procure coin, closed its doors yesterday (Wednesday) morning. While we are somewhat surprised at this intelligence, we are yet satisfied that the parties engaged in its management have done their utmost to prevent the result. The suspension may possibly prove only temporary; but if otherwise, we believe all accounts will be liquidated.—*Erie Gazette, 22d.*

ENOS MARSHALL, aged 106 years, 9 months, and 9 days, died at Covert, Seneca County, N. Y., on the 23d of November. He was born in Dutchess County, N. Y., and had always resided in that State. He was a soldier under General Gates, and was at Saratoga in 1777.

IN Clark county, Va., a vein of oil coal one thousand feet thick, has been discovered, in a mountain on Hugh's river, a tributary of the Kanhawa. The coal when put on a shovel and held over the fire, melts into oil, so that the discovery is a most important one.